

A Conversation Between Friends by casoloma123

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Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Johnathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler - Implied, Nancy Wheeler/Steve Harrington - Mentioned

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Summary:

Nancy, Barb, and a conversation.

A Conversation Between Friends

“You’re living in denial, Nance. This Steve thing isn’t working.”

“What do you mean? Steve’s great! He saved my life. He looks after me.”

“... Nancy.”

“I mean, yes. He doesn’t really understand yet, but he’s trying! That’s important. He left his shitty friends for me!”

“Nan, just because he’s not quite as shitty as the people he used to hang out with doesn’t mean you two are gonna work out.”

“You don’t know that!”

“You’re right, but I know you. I know that your heart’s not in it anymore.”

“... I’m trying though.”

“You shouldn’t have to. Love isn’t supposed to exhaust you.”

“I know.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Me too.”

“This is about Byers, isn’t it?”

“No! My relationship with Steve has nothing to do with Johnathan.”

“Alright. If you say so.”

“I’m not some slut that just trades boys around!”

“I know that! That doesn’t mean that you can’t have developed feelings for a guy who isn’t your boyfriend. It’s not that weird.”

“Well, I haven’t!”

“It makes sense though, if you did. He’s the only person who really knows what you went through. That kind of shared trauma- it’s intense. It also means that he’s the only one you can honestly confide in. That can be super attractive.”

“Honestly!”

“I’m just saying. I know he’s a weird looking guy, but he’s not some hideous thing that you have to avoid at all costs.”

“... He’s not *that* weird looking.”

“I knew it! You like him!”

“I do not!”

“You so do! I know you, Nancy Wheeler, and you like Johnathan!”

“Shut up. I don’t. At least, I’m pretty sure I don’t. Maybe.”

“You’re totally infatuated with the weird photography nerd who wants to punch people in defence of your honour!”

“Oh my god!”

“I’m just teasing, Nance. It’s fine. He’s a nice guy. He saved you as much as Steve did.”

“Do you really think so?”

“Yeah. And he never has parties, which is great. I hate parties. Especially pool ones.”

“You would say something like that.”

“You know me well.”

“I know.”

A silence fell for a moment.

"I'm scared you're just saying what I want to hear."

"Yeah, I know."

"I wish you could really be here."

There was no response.

"I'm so sorry I left you."

"Me too."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"I'll talk to you soon."

Nancy brushed away her tears, opened the door, went downstairs, said thank you to Mrs. Holland for letting her into Barb's room to look for her textbook, and left her dead friend's house.